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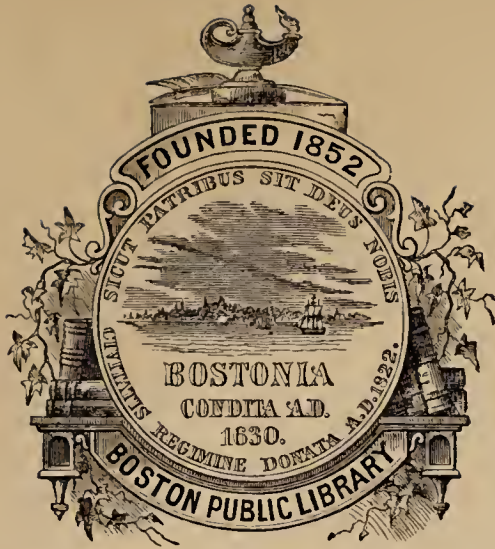


Thomas Pennant Barton.

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PAMPHLETS.

Dramas

~
*Various, and partly
Duplications of other
sets.*
~

Barton Lely

104.

G 3962

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ACCESSION No. 160.184

ADDED.....1871.

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MEMORANDA.

Suppl. of 6 in C. 3402.8

Cinna's Conspiracy.

A

TRAGEDY.

*attributed by Daniel Defoe to Colley Cibber
see Bosc. Dram. II. 104.*

1st 3^d

Cinna's Conspiracy.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the
Two Temple-Gates in *Fleetstreet*. 1713. 28. *March*

China & Company

A

TRADE

THE

THE

THE

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Cibber.

OUR Bard the Critick dreads; but more he fears
The Wit that's noisie, than the Judge that hears.
To gain the kind Attention of the Fair,
Has ever been the gentle Poet's Care,
And to that pleasing Hope, what e'er may prove
The least Impediment, he wou'd remove.
While His distrest, Love-wounded Hero's Part,
Melts ev'ry Tender Lady's Eyes, and Heart,
He begs the Men, who muffled Nymphs ingage,
Wou'd, for that time, suspend their am'rous Rage.
During the Scene, let Roman Lovers burn,
And 'twixt each Act, the Brittish in their turn;
But more presumptuous yet, he dares to Night,
Retrench the Many, of their chief Delight,
Against those Monst'rous Gim-Cracks, here declare,
Of which, more fond our gross Spectators are,
Than honest Otter of his Bull, and Bear.
First, he contemns that senseless Decoration,
In which, some Poets have indulg'd the Nation,

PROLOGUE.

*No taudry Court, no dangling Maids of Honour,
When e'er the Princess Enters, wait upon her;
No lacker'd Guards, to please our Friends above,
Attend the Hero, while he's making Love;
Here, no Drawcansir, with Bear-Garden Play,
Warms the rough Briton, when he hews his Way;
No Armies fall beneath the ratt'ling Shield,
To make this Spot resemble Blenheim's Field;
This Author, to delight a barb'rous Age,
Strows not with gasping Heroines the Stage;
We bellow forth no high-flown gingling Traps,
To bite transported Witlings of their Claps,
No Ghost is rais'd, no Incantation sung,
Nor a stuff'd OEdipus from Window flung.
We, of the French, their Stage Decorum prize,
And justly such Absurdities despise,
Approve their Unity, of Place, and Time;
But shun their trivial Points, and gaudy Rhime.
True Tastes, our Poet strives to entertain,
With something very good, and very plain.
One choice, well-order'd Dish, is all the Treat,
No Sauce, to make you doubtful what you eat,
The rav'nous Auditor is quite undone,
Who comes prepar'd to hear five Plays in one.
The courser Palates love a large Repast;
But where the Course will cram, the Fine will fast.*

This

PROLOGUE.

*This bold Reformer wisely hides his Name;
For none expect Applause from those they blame.
He says, he dabbles in Heroick Measure,
Neither for Fame, nor Profit; but his Pleasure,
Idle, conceal'd, and far from Thought of Gains,
He ventures naught, we risk our Time, and Pains.*

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Octavius Caesar Augustus, Emperor } Mr. Powel.
of Rome.

Cinna, the Chief Conspirator against Au- } Mr. Booth.
gustus.

Maximus, his Friend, and Associate in the } Mr. Mills.
Conspiracy.

Polycletus, the Freedman of Augustus. Mr. Carnaby.

Evander, Freedman of Cinna. Mr. Ryan.

Euphorbus, Freedman of Maximus. Mr. Boman.

W O M E N.

Livia, the Empress. Mrs. Knight.

Emilia, the Daughter of Toranius, whom } Mrs. Oldfield.
Augustus had proscrib'd during the Tri-
umvirate.

Fulvia, Friend to Emilia. Mrs. Cox.

The SCENE ROME.

Cinna's

Cinna's Conspiracy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain draws, and discovers Emilia, and Fulvia in Emilia's Apartment.

Emil. **W**HEN I behold this *Cæsar*, this *Augustus*,
Amidst the Pomp of his Imperial Glory,
Grief and Resentment then reproach my
Mem'ry,
That his ungrateful Hand proscrib'd *Toranius*,
His faithful Tutor, and my tender Father,
To make his first Advance to mount this Throne.
Abandon'd then to my impetuous Rage,
I meditate a thousand Deaths on *Cæsar*,
Yet in the transports of a Wrath so just,
I *Cinna* love, more than I hate *Augustus*,
And I perceive the boiling Motions cool,
When to pursue 'em I expose a Lover,
When on the frightful Dangers I reflect,
On which I may precipitate my *Cinna*,
My self I irritate against my self;
For tho' his Love all Danger may despise,

B

Emilia

Emilia shou'd consider ev'ry Fate
 That threatens Subjects, when they strike at Kings.
 Th'Event is doubtful; but the Danger certain.
 A dastard, envious, or a faithless Friend,
 May sacrifice the Cause, and *Cinna's* Life;
 The Manner ill concerted, ill perform'd,
 Or Opportunity not rightly taken,
 Against my *Cinna's* Breast may turn the Blow,
 At *Cæsar* destin'd——

Fulv. Madam, strive to quell
 This fatal Rage of Vengeance——O! no more
 Indulge a Hate, that ev'ry Moment drowns
 Your Eyes, and gives your Heart such stabbing Fears.

Emil. But, can I fear? or shou'd I stoop to weep?
 While greatly I revenge a Father's Blood.
 Can I regret the Price by which his Death
 I may retaliate on his Murtherer?
 Banish, *Emilia*, banish the strong Terrors,
 That seize, that wou'd debase thy *Roman* Soul:
 And thou, O soft'ning Love! whose tender Pow'r,
 Has rais'd this rending Tumult in my Heart,
 Combat no more my Virtue, but obey,
 And to its glorious Dictates be subservient.
 Be gen'rous Love, and to my Duty yield;
 Thou canst not conquer here, but to thy Shame.
 Yes, I have sworn it *Fulvia*, and again,
 Tho' I love *Cinna*, yes, tho' I adore him,
 Again repeat, confirm my sacred Oath,
 That *Cinna* never shall possess *Emilia*;
 Till, by his Hand, this King by me proserib'd
 Shall perish; yes, his mounted Head alone,
 Laid low a Victim to my just Revenge,
 Shall bless the Hopes of *Cinna's* fervent Vows:
 The Law my Duty has impos'd on me
 I give to him.

Fulv. Madam, the Sentiments
 You from your Duty form, are truly *Roman*.

Your

Your great Design must ever make you deem'd
 Worthy the Blood of him you wou'd revenge;
 Yet once again permit me to intreat,
 That you wou'd moderate your just Resentment.
 Those envy'd Favours, *Cæsar* ev'ry Day
 Confers on you, seem to repair those Ills
 Which once you suffer'd from his fatal Hand.
 Your Pow'r at Court appears so much declar'd,
 That they who share the most in *Cæsar*'s Smiles,
 Kneeling to you their humble Suits prefer.

Emil. Can Benefits revive my slaughter'd Father?
 In whatsoever State I am consider'd,
 In Wealth abounding, or in Credit pow'rful,
 I still remain the Child of one proscrib'd.
 From *Cæsar*'s lavish Hand I ev'ry Hour
 Receive, but am not soften'd with his Bounties;
 No! still my Hate and Courage are the same,
 And more, my Pow'r to compass my Design.
 In such a Cause, depriv'd of open Means,
 Tho' 'gainst my Benefactor I conspire,
 Treason is glorious; and I sell my Father,
 If meanly yielding to the Grace of *Cæsar*,
 I leave my Parent's Murther unreveng'd.

Fulv. But will you let the World insult your Name,
 With the detested Epithet, Ungrateful?
 Indulge your Grief, and hate in private rather.
 Thousands besides *Emilia* still retain
 The sad Impression of those Cruelties,
 By which the Tyrant has confirm'd his Throne.
 The many daring and illustrious *Romans*,
 That fell a Sacrifice to his Ambition,
 Have to their Children left a brooding Grief,
 Which must produce, on this detested *Cæsar*,
 A general Revenge for all his Crimes.
 Numbers of bold and enterprizing Spirits
 Have vow'd the Deed, and thousands more will follow.
 Who can live long that is the common Grievance?
 Embark your Int'rest with the publick Cause;

But aid it only with your secret Wishes.

Emil. Shall I attend from Chance the mortal Blow,
And satisfy the pressing Calls of Duty
With bashful Hate, and with obscure Revenge?
The Death of *Cæsar* wou'd be bitter to me,
If he to any Cause a Victim fell,

But my Revenge; —

Yet to the Pleasure of a filial Vengeance,
I'll joyn the Glory gain'd by killing Tyrants,
And *Rome* shall through all *Italy* proclaim,
Emilia's Vengeance set the *Romans* free:

Her Soul was touch'd with Pity, and her Heart
Pierc'd deep with Love; but at that Price alone,
She yielded to that Love. —

Fulv. O fatal Passion!

That drives your Lover on to certain Ruin.
Think better to what Dangers you expose him,
How many on this Rock have split already.

Emil. Forbear, alas! — My Soul's most tender Part;
Let *Fulvia's* Friendship cease to wound in vain.

When Fear for *Cinna's* Life invades my Heart,
Love triumphs o'er the faint Efforts of Duty;
But when *Rome's* Fetters, — when my Father's Murther,
Upbraid *Emilia's* tame, relenting Spirit,
Love's gentle Flame submits to fierce Revenge.

Thou shew'st the Dangers great — I own 'em great;
Yet what we venture is not always lost.

Tho' *Cæsar* were amidst a thousand Legions,
Not all the Caution, Fear or Guilt may give him,
Can guard his Life from *Cinna's* daring Hand,
When Love and Honour urge the glorious Deed.

'Tis Virtue's, 'tis my Glory's Enterprize,
And whether *Cinna* or *Augustus* perish,
I to the Manes of *Toranius* owe

This Sacrifice, which *Cinna* vow'd to me,
When, in return, I gave my plighted Faith,
Of which this Blow alone can make him worthy.
Besides it is too late to stagger now,

This

This fatal Day they meet, this Day determine
The Place, the Hour, the Hand—I know the worst;
If *Cinna* falls, *Emilia* follows him——

This is the usual Hour in which the Empress
Receives her Morning Court——

Fulv. But *Cinna* promis'd,
That ere an Hour were pass'd, he'd find you here.

Emil. If I omit to make my Court to *Livia*,
She, as a Favour, sends to know the Cause
That makes me fail, and what can I pretend
To her; if *Cinna's* Visit I receive——
We'll only show our selves, and strait return.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Scene opens and discovers Cinna and Maximus at the Head
of the Conspirators.*

Cin. My Friends, and Fellow-Citizens of *Rome*,
The Time so long impatiently desir'd,
To ease our Griets, to end our Doubts, and crown
Our glorious Hopes, is now at hand; to Morrow
Heav'n in our Hands will put the Fate of *Rome*,
Then, on the Ruin of one single Man,
Will all that's dear to us, to *Rome* depend;
But can we call him Man who is Inhuman,
Whose Thirst for *Roman* Blood's insatiable?
How many wily Snares has *Cæsar* laid,
To make his Fellow-Citizens his Prey?
How many times deserted Sides and Parties?
With *Antony* this Traitor first combin'd,
Then hunted him with spiteful War to Death,
And cruel still, and insolent. I tremble,
When I wou'd call to mind the Miseries
Our Parents suffer'd in our tender Years;
Those barbarous, invet'rate, civil Battels,
In which *Rome* tore in pieces her own Bowels,
When Eagles bore down Eagles, and each Province

Sent

Sent forth her Legions against Liberty,
 When the best Soldiers, and the greatest Chiefs
 Did vilely glory in becoming Slaves;
 And then, to keep in Countenance the Shame
 Their Fetters brought, they put the World in Chains,
 Contending next, who that accursed Honour
 Should first obtain, of giving it a Lord,
 Gilding with Sov'reign Pow'r the Name of Traitor;
Romans with *Romans*, Kindred fought with Kindred,
 For the sole Privilege of naming Tyrants.

Maxim. What *Roman* Heart, what Memory, can lose
 The sad Impression of the impious Concord
 Of the *Triumvirs*, terrible and fatal
 To all good Men, the rich, and to the Senate,
 And then to the *Triumvirate* it self?
 Who can express the Grief, the Terror, Woe,
 That rent a virtuous and a free-born Soul,
 When it beheld in *Lepidus*, a Wretch;
 In *Antony*, a Libertine; in *Cæsar*,
 An artful timorous *Ulysses* triumph,
 And tyrannize o'er *Romans*?

Cin. And combine
 To deluge *Rome* in her own Childrens Blood,
 Seeming to vie who should exceed the other
 In execrable Crimes, and vast Destruction.
 My sad reluctant Memory denies
 To aid my Soul, attempting to describe
 Woes that still dwell so heavy in our Hearts.

Marcel. Amaz'd, and terrify'd, as heretofore;
 Methinks I see the tragick Scenes perform'd,
 Some in the publick Places massacred;
 Some in the Bosoms of their Household Gods;
 The Guilty in their Crimes indulg'd, encourag'd;
 The Husband murder'd by the Wife in Bed;
 The Son, all hideous with the Father's Blood,
 Presents his Head, demanding his Reward.

Maxim. And yet these horrid, these licentious Ills,
 Which, from their Hostile Hands, we long indur'd;

Are

Are but faint Scetches of those Cruelties
Our Country suffer'd from their bloody Peace.

Glabr. 'Tis needless to recite the glorious Names
Of those Illustrious Men by them proscrib'd;
Or paint the Deaths of all those Demi-Gods,
Those stedfast Patriots, the remorseless Tyrants
Before our Sacred Altars sacrific'd.

Cin. Those Cruelties, the loss of our Estates,
Our Liberties, the ravaging our Country,
The pillaging our Cities, the Proscriptions,
Our Civil Wars, are but the bloody Steps
On which *Augustus* chose to mount his Throne,
And dictate to us his perpetual Laws.

Len. Yet we may change this wretched Destiny,
Since, of three Tyrants, only one remains.
Our other *Triumvirs* he justly punish'd,
When, big with hopes of Pow'r, in *Lepidus*
And *Antony* he fell'd his own Support.

Maxim. This once he did, but 'twas to reign alone;
Destroy two Men as wicked as himself.

Rutil. When dead he'll be disabled of Revenge,
And we no more shall dread the Name of Master,
The Senate shall decree us Annual Triumphs
For Liberty restor'd, and Tyranny destroy'd.

Cin. Let us not lose this Opportunity,
That smiles propitious on our Enterprize,
To Morrow *Cæsar*, in the Capitol,
Will offer Sacrifice; and may he be
Himself the Victim; let us in this Place,
This awful Place, do Justice to the World,
Ev'n in the Face of our assembled Gods;
But few attend him there beside our selves,
Then *Maximus*, with half our Band, may guard
The Portal, with the rest I'll compass *Cæsar*;
He, from my Hand receives the hallow'd Cup;
Then, as a Signal, may this glorious Arm
Direct my Ponyard deep into his Bosom:
Thus with a mortal Blow the Tyrant struck;

Will

Will show that *Cinna* is of *Pompey's* Blood ;
 And you, by seconding my Stroak, confirm
 You still remember your Illustrious Fathers ;
 If any of our Members disapprove
 The Conduct, or Occasion, let him him speak.
 Freely object, or swear by Liberty
 Stedfastly to adhere to this Proposal.

Max. Liberty——

Omnes. Liberty, Revenge, Revenge and Liberty.

S C E N E III.

Emilia Enters with Fulvia, as in her own Apartment.

Emil. The great important Hour is now expir'd,
 When the Success of my illustrious Vengeance,
 And when thy kind or cruel Fate, *Emilia*,
 Thine mighty *Rome*, thine *Cinna*, was resolv'd.
 How tedious are the Hours of Expectation !
 When ev'ry Moment gives the Soul new Hope
 Of mighty Joy, or Fear of mortal Woe——

Enter Cinna.

But see he comes——Are your Associates firm——
 Are they not startled, *Cinna*, at the Danger,
 Or do their Brows assure their Hearts are bold,
 And resolute as are their Words and Oaths ?

Cin. Never *Emilia*, never yet was form'd
 Conspiracy that gave such Expectation,
 Nor ever did Conspirators resolve,
 With such resentful Warmth, a Tyrant's Death.
 Such joyful Hopes appear in ev'ry Face,
 Such Eagerness to execute the Deed,
 As if like me each Man obey'd his Mistress,
 A Hatred so confirm'd possesses 'em,
 As if like you each Man reveng'd a Father.

Emil. I well foresaw you wou'd not fail to chuse,
 For such a Work, Men of intrepid Souls,

That

That *Cinna* cou'd not trust *Rome's* Cause, and mine,
But in the Hands of Men of steady Virtue.

Cin. I could have wish'd that you had seen the Rage
Which at the Name of *Cæsar*, or *Augustus*,
Flam'd in their Eyes; I scarce cou'd end my Speech,
When, with a noble Heat, the whole Assembly
Approv'd the Project I with you concerted,
To give my destin'd Blow to *Cæsar's* Heart.
This is the Point to which we now are come;
To Morrow I expect the Hate, or Hearts,
Of all Mankind, the Name of Paricide,
Or of Deliv'rer, *Cæsar*, that of Prince,
Or those of Traitor, and usurping Tyrant.
Whether the Gods on me shall smile, or frown,
Raise me to Glory, or deliver me
To shameful Punishment, to Cruelties;
That *Rome* declare us Friends, or Enemies;
I shall find Pleasure on the Rack, in Shame,
When I reflect I bear 'em for *Emilia*——

Emil. Nothing can happen that may wound thy Fame;
If Fortune prove averse, thy Life's in Danger;
But *Cinna's* Honour is not in her Pow'r.
Brutus and *Cassius* met with ill Success;
Yet, is the Splendor of their Names obscur'd?
Are they not still esteem'd the first of *Romans*?
The Conqueror, *Augustus*, reigns in *Rome*;
But those illustrious Victims *Rome* deplores.
Go, on their Steps, where now thy Honour calls thee;
Yet *Cinna* be not careless of thy Life,
Bear in thy Mind our bright and tender Flame,
That not the Glory only; but *Emilia*
Is thy Reward, that she expects thy Heart,
Due to the Favour of her plighted Faith,
And of the Trust she has repos'd in Thee;
Forget not therefore, that thy Days are dear
To Me, and that my Life depends on thine.

Cinna's Conspiracy.

Enter Evander.

But what has brought in haste *Evander* here?

Evan. My Lord, 'tis *Cæsar's* Will, that *Maximus*,
And you forthwith attend him.

Cin. —Both, *Evander*?

Evan. As thro' the *Forum* I this Moment past,
Stern *Polycletus* stopt my eager March,
Inquir'd for You, and then for *Maximus*.
I said that You in private hasted forth;
But had, by Me, intreated *Maximus*,
To meet you, ere an Hour was spent, at Court.
He told me that he wou'd return to *Cæsar*.
Pleas'd with the good Effect of my Precaution,
I hither sped to give you timely Notice.
He wore his earnest Look.

Emil. Thou art discover'd.

Send, send with Speed for the Conspirators.

Cin. Have better Hopes.

Emil. No, *Cinna*, I shall lose thee;
I find the Gods are obstinately bent
On giving *Rome* a Master, and have mingled,
Among thy true and worthy Friends, a Traitor;
It must be so, *Augustus* is inform'd
Of all, and thou and all our Hopes are lost.

Cin. In vain I wou'd dissemble my Surprise,
I own I stand amaz'd at this Command;
Yet *Cæsar* often calls me near his Person,
And *Maximus* is of his Bosom Friendship,
Perhaps our Fears prevail upon our Reason,

Emil. Ah! *Cinna*, drive not to Extremity
My Grief, and since you can't revenge my Wrong,
From *Cæsar's* mortal Vengeance save your self.
Enough these Eyes have wept my Father's Murther,
Reduce me not to mourn a Lover too.

Cin. Art thou *Emilia*! from the meer Illusion
Of a vain panick Fear, shall I betray
Emilia's Int'rest, and the Publick Good,

Abandon

Abandon all, when I shou'd venture all?
 Consider what Effect my Flight wou'd have
 Upon our Friends, shou'd this Alarm prove false.

Emil. But if thy Enterprize be known to *Cæsar*,
 What will become of *Cinna*?——

Cin. If there be
 A Soul so mean as to betray the Cause,
 And me, yet *Cinna's* Virtue shall not fail him;
 Yes it shall brave the vilest Punishment,
 In spight of Fortune shall secure my Glory,
 In Tortures triumph over *Cæsar's* Wrath,
 Shall make him jealous of the Blood he sheds,
 And tremble at the Death he gives——No more,
 I fear my longer Stay may give Suspicion.
 Now, my *Emilia*! let thy Words, and Looks,
 Confirm my gen'rous Courage, and farewell.——
 If I a rig'rous Fate am doom'd to bear,
 I shall, at once, be wretched, and be happy,
 Happy, to die endeavouring to serve You,
 But wretched that I die and have not serv'd You.

Emil. Go *Cinna*, listen to my Fears no more,
 Forgive, my Love, this one ignoble Weakness.
 I see that thy Attempt to fly were vain;
 If *Cæsar* is inform'd, his Jealousie
 Has taken care to hinder thy Escape.
 Go, go, and in this noble Confidence,
 Present thy self at Court, to *Cæsar's* Presence;
 If there *Augustus* has decreed thy Fall,
 Die as becomes a *Roman* Citizen;
 But *Cinna* do not thou believe *Emilia*
 Will patiently attend 'till Grief shall end her.
 No! thy departing Soul will bear mine with it,
 And ev'ry Stab that pierces thee——

Cin. O hold!
 Let me, when I am dead, still live in Thee;
 At least permit me, while I die, to hope,
Emilia's Grief will prompt her to Revenge,

By one great Blow, a Lover and a Father.
There is no Cause why Thou shou'dst fear, our Friends
Know not the Secret of our Love, nor Vengeance,
Trusted alone to *Fulvia*, and *Evander*.

Emil. Less apprehensive then I go to *Livia*,
Since, midst the Danger, there remains a Hope
To save thy Life; but if this Method fail,
O think not, *Cinna*, that I will out-live thee.

Cin. Forbear that Thought, let not thy Love to Me
Seduce thee to be cruel to thy self.

Emil. Go, and remember only that I love.
Thy Destiny is mine; if I succeed,
We both shall live; if not, we both must bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Polycletus in Cæsar's Apartment.

Poly. **I** Wonder much that *Maximus* and *Cinna*
Appear not yet at Court; but here they come.

Enter Maximus and Cinna.

By *Cæsar's* Order I attend here,
To give him Notice of your first Appearance.

[Exit.]

Maxim. If *Cæsar* is inform'd of our Design,
Then *Polycletus* has dissembled well;
For *Cæsar* never fails to let him know,
In such a Case, the Cause of his Commission.

Cin. He is too rough, and hasty to dissemble;
His Zeal for Tyrants wou'd not let him smooth
His stern Demeanour; if he knew our Purpose;
But *Cæsar* comes.

Maxim. He wears a thoughtful Brow.

*Cæsar Enters, and places himself between Cinna and
Maximus.*

Cæs. This absolute Command, this Power supream,
That o'er the Universe I now possess;
This boundless Grandeur, this illustrious Title
By Me, at length, with so much Toyl acquir'd,
And which of Blood has cost such vast Effusion;
All that importunate and flattering Courtiers
Adore in this my Elevated Fortune,
Believe me, Friends, is like a dazzling Beauty
That strikes the Sight; but when enjoy'd grows pall'd;
Ambition thus when fatiated offends,

And

And soon an opposite Desire succeeds:
 Thus mounted on the Pinnacle of Power,
 I covet to descend; the Soul amus'd,
 From Stage to Stage of Life, with ardent Heat,
 Some Object still pursues; but when possess'd
 Of all it can desire, when not one Object
 Remains, that can provoke the eager Chace,
 She to her self returns, and flights her Prey:
 I fought for Empire, and I have obtain'd it;
 But understood not that for which I fought:
 And all the Charms I find in the Possession,
 Are anxious Cares, perpetual Alarms,
 A thousand secret Enemies, and Death
 Still menacing. In Arbitrary Power
Sylla preceded Me, and the great *Julius*,
 My Sire, enjoy'd a while despotick Sway,
 Which they beheld with different Regard,
 The one resign'd, the other held the Throne;
 The one, tho' cruel, barbarous, and fierce,
 Like a good Citizen, belov'd and quiet,
 Dy'd in the Bosom of his Native City;
 But *Julius*, Gracious, Courteous, and Humane,
 Amidst the Senate saw himself assassin'd.
 These fresh Examples wou'd instruct me well;
 If meer Example shou'd direct our Deeds,
 To follow *Sylla's* Conduct I'm inclin'd,
 And at the Fate of *Julius* stand agast.

Cin. Not always do the past Events describe
 The necessary Fate of Things to come.

Ag. Thence is the constant Anguish of my Soul.
 Assist me, Friends, — Distraction follows Doubt.
 You are to Me *Mecenas* and *Agrippa*;
 I often have this Point discuss'd with them,
 Take you the Power they had upon my Mind,
 Consider not the Grandeur of my Rank,
 Odious to *Rome*, and irksome to my self,
 Treat me not like a Sovereign, but a Friend;
Augustus, *Rome*, the State are in your Hands;

And

And whether *Europe, Asia, Africa*,
Shall yield to Laws, or Arbitrary Rule,
Depends alone on your united Votes.
By them I'll be *Augustus* or *Octavius*,
By them be Emperor or Citizen.

Cin. Tho' weak for Council, and tho' much surpriz'd,
I shall obey; nor with mean Complaisance,
Will I endeavour to disguise my Thoughts.

Cæsar, you will be cruel to your Glory,
In opening thus your Heart to such Impressions.
Should you resign the Power your Sword has won;
The envious World, severe to all your Actions,
Would construe this Remorse, that shameful Brand
Imprint not on those rare, and signal Virtues,
Which wrought your Fortune to this wondrous height.

You justly are our Monarch, nor have You,
By wicked Outrage, chang'd the Form of State;
Rome Conquer'd all the Word, you Conquer'd *Rome*.

This *Julius* did, and You must now condemn
His Memory, or must like Him proceed;

'Tis not for You to follow, nor to fear,

Or *Sylla's*, or your Father's Destiny;

By Heav'n's Commission, a more powerful Spirit
Hovers with careful Watch o'er *Cæsar's* Years.

Full ten Conspiracies against your Life

Already have been form'd by Men determin'd,

Yet in their vain Attempts themselves have perish'd.

Many Conspire; but few can execute;

There are Assassins still, but where's a *Brutus*;

If that Reverse of Fortune be your Doom,

'Tis great to Die the Master of the World.

Maxim. *Augustus* has a Right to keep the Power,

He by transcendent Merit has acquir'd;

For with his Blood, and Peril of his Life,

He justly made a Conquest of the State:

But that his Glory will receive a Stain,

If weary with the weight he lay it down;

Or that he will of Tyranny accuse

His

His Father *Julius*, or approve his Death,
 I must deny; You *Cæsar* are our Prince.
Rome, and its Empire, are your Property,
 And of our own we freely may dispose,
 Relinquish at our Pleasure, or retain;
 And is this common Privilege debarr'd
 From You alone, are You that Conquer'd all,
 The Vassal of your Power, and is that Greatness
 By which you absolutely Rule the World,
 Become at last Superiour to your self?
 Your Virtue, that has rais'd so high your Glory,
 And made you Triumph over all Mankind,
 Will still be greater, if you slight that Empire.
 Let the World see all Grandeur is beneath you;
 Let *Cæsar* only Triumph over *Cæsar*.
 To *Rome* you owe your Birth, to *Rome* those Arms
 That made you Victor over all the Nations,
 That brought you home to Triumph o'er her self;
 Yet what you had from her you'll now repay,
 More than a thousand fold; by this great Action.
 Follow the Light of Heav'n, that inspires you,
 That points this only Way to crown your Glory.
 Fortune, or Valour, Empire may bestow;
 But first to win, and then disdain a Crown,
 Are highest Proofs of a consummate Virtue;
 Besides, consider that you reign in *Rome*,
 That whatsoever Name the Court may give you,
 The City shudders at the Name of King;
 And tho' with specious Terms you hide the Title,
 Yet he that makes himself the Master there,
 Is deem'd a Tyrant, and his Party Slaves,
 Traytors his Friends, and he that suffers him
 An abject Coward, and of servile Kind;
 To kill him is the Work of gen'rous Virtue.
 Of this, ten vain Attempts upon your Life,
 Recorded in our Minds, are dismal Proofs;
 Perhaps another ready to burst forth,
 Attends Occasion, and this Agitation

That

That works your Soul, is Heaven's Admonishment,
As the sole Means to save you from the Blow.

Cin. If your Affection to your Native Country
Must here prevail, it's proper Good consider ;
This Liberty, that is to *Rome* so pretious,
Is but imaginary, and to Her
Rather pernicious, than of wholesome Use ;
Or far inferior to that Benefit,
Which, from a worthy Prince, a State receives.
With Rule and Reason Honours He confers,
Rewards with Judgment, punishes with Justice ;
Nor knowing that his Reign is but a Year,
Does he precipitate the States Affairs,
Nor is rapacious to be rich in haste,
Nor lavishes the Publick Wealth to Faction ;
But, where the Government is popular,
All is perform'd with Tumult and Disorder,
And the calm Voice of Reason seldom heard,
There, ever to the most ambitious Bidder
The Dignities and Offices are Sold,
Sedition there, and clam'rous Impudence
Extort Authority ; those Annual Kings,
Jealous of the succeeding Monarch's Glory,
Ruin with envious Haste the best Designs,
And, having little Stakes in what they manage,
Purloin their Harvest from the publick Store,
Secure of Pardon from those Magistrates,
Who are themselves endeav'ring to surpass
Their sordid Predecessors in Corruption.
The worst of Government is in the People.

Aug. Yet *Cinna*, this alone will please in *Rome* ;
This Hate to Kings, which many Centuries,
Even with their Milk, her Children have imbib'd,
Has taken in their Hearts too deep a Root
Thence to be torn.

Maxim. The Senate, Sir, is still
Obstinate in this Principle, the People
Inchanted with it shun the Face of Council,

D

And

And Custom is to Them instead of Reason;
 This ancient Error *Cinna* would abolish,
 Is yet that lucky Error they adore,
 And the whole World, submitting to its Laws,
 An hundred times hath seen it Triumph o'er
 The Heads of Kings, and *Rome's* Exchequer fill
 With the rich Pillage of their Provinces;
 What more can You the best of Princes give,
 Each Climate, and each People seems to want
 A Government peculiar to its Nature,
 Which none can change; but in that Peoples wrong
 'Tis Monarchy the *Macedonians* covet,
 The rest of *Greece* love publick Liberty;
 The *Persians* and *Parthians* ask a King;
 The Consulship alone is good in *Rome*:
 This Revolution, which the Gods alone
 Seem to Conduct, will shed no Blood, nor draw
 A fatal Consequence on any Head.

Cin. It is the Rule of Heav'n still to mix
 Some bitter, with the Blessings it confers;
 The *Tarquin's* Exile made *Rome* flow with Blood.

Max. Did then your Grandfire *Pompey* Heav'n oppose,
 When for his Country's Liberty he fought?

Cin. If Heav'n had been unwilling *Rome* should lose it,
 By *Pompey's* Arms it would have been preserv'd;
 But Heav'n premeditately chose his Death,
 To be a Signal, and Eternal Mark
 Of this prodigious Change; and as an Honour
 Due to the Manes of so great a Man,
 Decreed *Rome's* Liberty should End with Him:
 This Liberty, long since, has only serv'd
 To dazle *Rome*, and which, her own vast Power
 Would not permit her to enjoy; for when
 She knew her self the Mistress of the World,
 Her Wealth and People stretching wide her Bounds,
 And that her Womb, fertile in great Exploits,
 Had Citizens produc'd, than Kings more powerful,
 Then, her great Sons, their Greatness to secure,

By

By bribing Votes, at a prodigious Cost,
 Held pompously their Masters in their Pay,
 Who yielding to be bound with Golden Chains,
 Receiv'd those Laws, which they believ'd they gave,
 Invidious of each other, their Pursuits
 By the dark Practice of Intreague they manag'd,
 And which Ambition turn'd to bloody Leagues:
 Then Liberty was of no longer Use;
 But to provoke the Rage of Civil Wars,
 To save it self, 'tis necessary *Rome*,
 Assembling all its Greatness, should Obey,
 Submissively, one great and worthy Chief.
Sylla relinquishing the Sov'reign Power,
 That o'er his Country he so well usurp'd,
 Open'd the War to *Cæsar* and to *Pompey*,
 When from a Pride destructive to the World,
 One could no Master brook, and one no Equal.
Rome had not groan'd beneath their fatal Discord,
 Had *Cinna*, to his Family secur'd
 The State, become by right of War his own.
 Let your Affection to your Native Country——
 Let Pity move you, *Rome*, your own *Rome*, *Augustus*,
 Now, on her Knees, implores you in my Voice,
 Consider, Sir, the Price at which she bought you,
 Not that she thinks her Purchase is too dear,
 No! you have overpaid those Ills she suffer'd;
 But a just Fear must terrifie her Soul,
 Least she, so dear, should buy another Monarch,
 And better to secure the Common Good,
 Appoint a Successor that's worthy *Cæsar*.

Max. One that is worthy *Cæsar*——Happy *Rome*!
 If such a one might be, and then another,
 From Reign to Reign, and so continue down
 To late Posterity, another *Cæsar*,
 'Till to the former Chaos all shall turn;
 But oh! the Race of Man! how frail! how vile!
 Search all the Periods of Eternal Time,
 And stand astonish'd, when you see how few

Deserve the Name of King, or that of Man,
 To the few Good, oppose the countless Bad,
 The little Intervals of happy Reigns,
 To the long Series of those dismal Times,
 The World has groan'd beneath desertless Kings.

Cin. Count all the Mischiefs of invet'rate Factions,
 The cruel Hate of Parties, that divides
 The nearest Kindred, and the dearest Friends;
 Turn o'er the num'rous Annals of your Country;
 You'll find Proscriptions, and intestine Broils,
 Were but the dire Effects of private Malice.
 The change of Consuls caus'd a yearly War,
 With great Distresses press'd, by Instinct, *Rome*
 In a Dictator plac'd her chief Ressource,
 And when her Woes, at last, became extream,
 She sought her genuine Refuge in a King.
 The Gods on Monarchy first founded *Rome*,
 And smil'd propitious on her early Kings,
 Those Gods, provok'd, held long her State revers'd;
 But Heav'n, appeas'd, withdraws its wrathful Arm,
 And to her proper Basis *Rome* returns.

Aug. Debate no more, Compassion here prevails,
 To me Repose is dear, but dearer *Rome*;
 I sigh for my Tranquillity in vain:
Cinna, my Empire I by your Advice
 Will keep, and keep it but to share it with you.
 I see your Hearts, to Me, wear no Disguise,
 And that your Councils equally regard
 My Person's Safety, and the State's Advantage.
 This Combat of your diff'ring Sentiments,
 But from a well meant Zeal, in each proceeds,
 And each shall now receive its due Reward;
 You *Maximus*, this Moment I create
 Pretor of *Sicily*, that fruitful Isle
 From you, henceforward, shall receive my Laws,
 Remember, that for Me you govern there,
 Remember, I must answer all you do:
Cinna, on You *Emilia* I bestow,

Who

Who holds with Me my Daughter *Julia's* Place;
 If our Misfortunes and Necessity
 Have made me to her Father too severe,
 My Heart and Treasure, (in her Favour open,)
 I hope has cur'd, at least asswag'd, her Grief.
 Go, visit her from me, and try to gain her;
Cinna is not a Man she ought to scorn,
 She'll rather be transported with thy Vows——
 Farewel, I go to bear this News to *Livia*,
 The tender Partner of my Grief and Joy.
 With soothing Baths, and the smooth suppling Oyl
 The Body is refresh'd o'ercharg'd with Toil,
 And from a Friend's Advice Relief we find,
 From Doubts and Terrors that torment the Mind.

Max. *Cinna*, he shou'd have said, the Soul, divided
 'Twixt Good and Ill, approves of that Advice
 Which flatters most the Bent of her Desires.
 To what Design might tend your fine Discourse?

Cin. To the Design I have, and will pursue.

Maxim. The Principal of a Conspiracy
 Against a Tyrant, flatter Tyranny.

Cin. I wish to see *Rome* free, and you may judge
 That I would free her, and revenge her too.
 Shall *Cæsar* then have satiated his Fury,
 Our Altars pillag'd, sacrific'd our Lives,
 With Horror spread the Fields, heap'd *Rome* with Dead,
 And shall he now be quit of all these Crimes,
 For an Effect of his Remorse, when Heav'n
 By our just Hands prepares to punish him?
 Shall then a mean Repentance save his Head?
 Let us revenge our Fellow-Citizens,
 Let *Cæsar's* Punishment affrighten those
 That after him aspire to wear a Crown.
 Had she but punish'd *Sylla*, his Example
 Had terrify'd great *Julius* from Ambition.

Maxim. Willing to free us, *Brutus* was deceiv'd.
 Shall we onr offer'd Liberty refuse,
 To seek it at the Peril of our Lives?

You'll

You'll have it bloody, and so make it doubtful.

Cin. Without the Tyrant's Death it will be shameful.

Maxim. All Means are great to *Rome* that bring her Freedom.

Cin. *Rome* will disdain ev'n Freedom to receive,

From one grown weary of oppressing her;

She has a Heart too great to see with Joy

Her self the Refuge of a glutt'd Tyrant,

And all that are Supporters of true Glory,

Too much detest him, to receive his Bounty.

Maxim. Then *Cinna* shou'd detest the Fair *Emilia*.

Cin. By *Cæsar's* Death I will deserve *Emilia*,

And having *Rome* reveng'd of all her Woes,

I will my bloody Hand with Transport joyn,

To hers, and wed her trampling on his Ashes——

Emilia——

Not as my Emp'r's gift will I receive,

But my Reward for having kill'd the Tyrant.

Maxim. But what wild Fancy makes you hope to please

Emilia's Eyes, all horrid with the Blood

Of him, she as her Father loves, and *Cinna*

Is not a Man to offer Violence.

Cin. Here, *Maximus*, we may be over-heard,

Nor can we be too cautious, when we talk

On Subjects that shou'd make us dread the Wind.

Retire with Me, where safely we'll consult

The gentlest Means to compass our Design.

O! *Maximus*, with jarring Passions rent,

The Heart demands a Friend, to give it vent.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Maximus and Euphorbus.

Maxim. **H**E did to me confess their mutual Flame,
Emilia he adores, *Emilia* him;
 But to possess her Love he dares not hope,
 Till on *Augustus* he revenge her Father,
 And to that End he form'd our Enterprize.

Euph. No wonder then that with such Violence
 He press'd *Augustus* to retain his Pow'r,
 For shou'd he quit the Throne your League wou'd break,
 And the Conspirators become his Friends.

Maxim. With Emulation ev'ry Member strives
 To serve the Passion of a Man, whose Views,
 Hid under the Disguise of publick Zeal,
 Regard himself alone, while wretched I,
 To serve my Country, must assist my Rival.

Euph. Your Rival!——

Maxim. Yes, *Euphorbus*, yes, my Rival.
Emilia's Charms have long inflam'd my Heart,
 Which, with much Care and Pain, I have conceal'd,
 Willing, by this Attempt, to free my Country,
 Her Love to merit, ere I offer'd mine;
 If our Attempt succeeds, he gains *Emilia*;
 If I accomplish what I wou'd advance,
 I meet my Death, and am my own Assassin.
 In what Extremity has Friendship plung'd me?

Euph. When the Relief is easie, Grief is light.
 Accuse your Rival, and obtain your Mistress.
Cæsar, whose Life you save, will gladly grant
 The fair *Emilia*, as your due Reward.

Maxim. Betray my Friend!——

Euph. What does not Love permit?

A finish'd Lover knows no Friend in Love,
 And you may justly sacrifice a Traitor,
 That for a Mistress would betray his Prince;
 When a Design so foul you wou'd prevent,
 No Faith shou'd bind, nor Promise be perform'd.
 Is it a Crime to punish Criminals?

Maxim. Is that a Crime whence *Rome* her Freedom finds?

Euph. 'Tis not *Rome's* Cause that *Cinna* has at Heart,
 Not Glory; but his Passion he pursues:
 Did he not love *Emilia*, he'd love *Cæsar*.
 Think not your hold on *Cinna's* Heart is firm,
 His Love excludes all other Passions thence,
 At least admits 'em; but to serve that Love,
 Under the publick Cause he hid his Flame,
 And, under that, perhaps, he yet conceals
 Some horrid Scheme of insolent Ambition,
 And you ev'n now regards; but as his Subject,
 Or on your Ruin founds his hopes of Empire.

Maxim. Accusing him I must the rest accuse,
 Must basely sacrifice those worthy *Romans*,
 Who, for their Country's good alone engag'd,
 Wou'd suffer Death, the Rack, and not confess,
 Nor start from their illustrious Enterprize.
 Shall *Maximus*! shall *Maximus* betray
 Such Men! shall I, one Criminal to punish,
 Give up to Tortures all those Innocents!
 All against Him I dare; but fear for Them.

Euph. *Augustus* has been satiated with Blood,
 And is of his own Cruelty grown weary,
 He with reluctance executes the Chiefs;
 But their Accomplices forgives with Scorn;
 If for your Friends his fatal Wrath you fear,
 Capitulate with *Cæsar* for their Lives.

Maxim. We talk in vain, 'tis madness to suppose
 I gain *Emilia*, by destroying *Cinna*
 By Perfidy, by Murther to remove
 The dearest Object of her beauteous Eyes,

Is not the way to make 'em shine on Me.
Lost were to Me the Joy, shou'd I receive
From *Cæsar's* Hand the Fair *Emilia's* Person,
Unless her Heart would-ratifie the Gift.

(Love never is contented, but with Love)
Her Vengeance to prevent, and *Rome* betray,
Are these the Means to gain *Emilia's* Heart?

Euph. What Nature here resists effect by Skill,
Impose upon her by some specious Turn.

Maxim. *Cinna* appears—I'll find you at my Palace.
Retire. I'll try to strike some Light from Him,
That may direct my yet unform'd Resolve [*Ex. Euph.*

Enter Cinna.

My Friend seems troubled——

Cin. Not without a Cause.

Maxim. May I of such a Gloom demand the Cause?

Cin. *Augustus*, and *Emilia* both torment me;
One seems too good, the other too inhuman.
Wou'd *Cæsar* better cou'd imploy his Kindness,
Wou'd I cou'd love Him more, or He me less,
Or that his Goodness might but calm *Emilia*.
A constant quick Remorse confounds my Soul,
Ever upbraiding me with *Cæsar's* Kindness,
His Kindness so compleat, so ill return'd.
Stabbing Reproach, that ev'ry Moment kills me:
Cæsar to Me incessantly appears,
Intrusting his whole Empire in our Hands,
Attending, and applauding my Advice,
And with excessive Tendernefs declaring,
My Empire, *Cinna*, I by your Advice
Will keep; and keep it, but to share it with you.
Into his Bosom can I force my Poniard!
Rather——but O, I Idolize *Emilia*!
And by an execrable Vow am bound
To Her Revenge, to Her Revenge, and Hate.

E

The

The Horror that for *Cæsar* She conceiv'd,
 Made him at length detestable to *Cinna*.
 Whether I serve, or disobey *Emilia*,
 I act against my Glory, and the Gods,
 Am either perjur'd, or a Paricide.

Maxim. These Doubts perplex'd you not when last we parted,
 You then shew'd no Reluctance, nor Remorse;
 But in your great Design appear'd confirm'd.

Cin. In such an Action, when we first engage,
 Our Passions are a Party with the Crime,
 And then usurp too much the Seat of Reason;
 But if the Deed allows us Time to cool,
 Soon as the pressing Hour demands the Fact,
 The anxious Heart, the Seat of Passion, starts,
 And Reason uncontroul'd remounts her Throne,
 Whence she the Precipice with Horror views.
 Such fell Attempts ask sudden Execution.

Brutus, each Hour of the depending While,
 No doubt, resolv'd his Enterprize to break,
 A thousand times Repentance, and Remorse
 Alarm'd his Soul, ere yet he plung'd his Dagger
 Into the Bowels of his Benefactor.

Maxim. The Soul of *Brutus* was too strong in Virtue,
 To feel from that Reflection such disquiet,
 Nor did conceive that Action was ungrateful;
 But against *Julius* was the more provok'd,
 As his Affection pour'd new Bounties on him.
 Let your Remorse be from a juster Cause.
 This Day, to you alone *Rome* owes her Chains.
 Had the great *Julius* offer'd Liberty,
 That blessing *Brutus* had not left in Doubt,
 From private Views of Vengeance, or of Love.
 Let not th' Affection which *Augustus* shews you,
 That makes him keep his Pow'r, to share it with you,
 Bribe you to spare *Rome's* cruel Tyrant's Life.
 No---listen to your Country's Cries, her Groans---
 Give me my Liberty, restore my Right,

Of which thou hast depriv'd me; if, to *Rome*,
Emilia you prefer'd, to *Rome* prefer not
Octavius, that oppresses, that enslaves her.

Cin. Forbear, alas! my Friend, forbear to heap,
 Upon a troubled Spirit, weight, on weight.
 I have the Liberty of *Rome* defer'd;
 But soon will recompence the short Delay.
 Pardon the Struggles of a grateful Friendship,
 Which, well you know, I ought to bear for *Cæsar*,
 And with Reluctance, I perceive, expire.
 You know that I expect *Emilia* here.

Maxim. Yes, to the beauteous Object of thy Love,
 Thou, *Cinna*, *Cæsar's* Virtues wou'dst advance,
 To palliate thy own Weakness; well I know
 The Talk of Lovers Privacy requires,
 And I wou'd be alone (*Aside.*)——farewel. [*Exit.*

Cin. Farewel.——

O! Heav'n! is then the glorious Influence
 Of this great Sentiment, with which alone
 My Virtue has inspir'd me, thought a Weakness;——
 If its Effect you view, when those bright Eyes,
 That rule my Soul, are present, then 'tis weak,——
 The Sweets of Vengeance, and the Joys of Love,
 The Glory to set free my native Country,
 Are Charms too feeble to seduce my Reason.
 Shall I get Fame by murdering a Prince?
 So truly Great, so greatly Good to Me.
 All I desire, from *Cæsar* I receive,
 The Blessings to enjoy which He bestows,
 Must I the Benefactor basely kill?
 For ever rather let *Rome's* Chains endure,
 Perish my Love, and perish all my Hopes——
 O! obstinate Revenge of bright *Emilia*!
 She, in my Hand, holds *Cæsar's* Life, and Death:
 Since you have made her, Gods! to be ador'd,
 O make her exorable to my Pray'rs,
 Since, by my Vow, she's absolute o'er Me,

Make Her Resentment yield to My Remorse;
But the relentless Beauty now appears.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Cinna, I bless the Gods, my Fears are vain,
None of thy Friends have forfeited their Faith;
Cæsar reliev'd those Fears, when he to *Livia*,
While I was present, did with Joy impart,
That ease of Soul your glorious Council gave him,
And that his just Affection to us both,
Had You bestow'd on Me, and Me on You.

Cin. Will you refuse to ratifie the Gift?

Emil. Emilia, and her Heart, are still the same.
In giving Me to You he gave You nothing,
The Present, he pretended to confer,
Was by a better Title yours before.

Cin. And yet you might—O! Heav'n—I dare not speak——

Emil. What can I do? and what can *Cinna* fear?

Cin. I tremble, and I sigh, when I perceive
Our Hearts are not possess'd with like Desires——
I dare not speak.

Emil. Speak, speak, and ease my Soul.

Cin. Yes, yes, *Emilia*, I must make you hate me.
May I not dare to set my Country free,
Revenge our Parents, and deserve thy Heart;
If thou, *Emilia*! art not all to Me,
Or if my Soul be void of that Esteem,
A gen'rous Mind must feel for thy high Merit.
Can I by Infamy deserve, obtain,
The Joy, the Glory of possessing Thee?
The bounteous *Cæsar*——

Emil. Hold, I see too plain
Your wav'ring Spirit, and your mean Remorse;
The Tyrant's Favours soften you from Glory,
Your Love, your Oaths, give way to his Caresses,
And *Cinna's* easie Nature can suppose,

That

That *Cæsar's* Power extends to give him Me.
 Yes, from his Hand, you rather than from mine
 Would Me receive; but humble Courtier know,
 That on those Terms I never will be thine.

At *Cæsar's* Frowns the Universe may tremble,
 Her Kings he may dethrone, and give their States,
 With his Proscriptions redden Earth and Sea;
 But of my self—I, only, can dispose.

Cin. And you, from you alone, I would receive.
 I still am *Cinna*, still my Flame is pure;
 Nor does my Pity render me forsworn.
 Without reserve your Sentiments I follow,
 And push your Vengeance even beyond my Vow.
 Without a Crime, or Perjury, you know,
 I could have let your glorious Victim scape;
Cæsar, by abdicating Sov'reign Power,
 Had taken from us the Pretence to kill him,
 When I alone confirm'd his shaken Soul,
 And crown'd the Tyrant to secure your Victim.

Emil. My Victim, Traytor! dost thou not desire
 That he should live, that I should hold thy Hand,
 And spare the Man that shed my Father's Blood,
 Bear to become the vile Reward of Thee,
 Whose abject Soul defrauds my pious Rage,
 Whose fawning Council has confirm'd the Man,
 My Soul abhors, a Tyrant over *Rome*?

Cin. From Me alone you still retain a Power
 O'er *Cæsar's* Life, while all these Benefits,
 And all these Honours, his Paternal Kindness
 Confers on Me, I Sacrifice to Love:
 Since to your Will Obedience still I swear;
 Forgive my grateful Temper this Effort,
 O pardon! that I strive to calm your Hate,
 Which from your Grief, too much indulg'd, proceeds,
 And in its place, I wish you could receive
 That Love for *Cæsar*, *Cæsar* bears for you.
 Exalted Minds, that Virtue only guides,

Treachery, and Ingratitude detest,
Nor taste a Joy accompany'd with Shame.

Emil. Yet in such Infamy *Emilia* glories,
For Treachery against Tyranny is great,
And when Ingratitude will break our Chains,
The Heart that's most ungrateful is most glorious.

Cin. Whatever soothes your Hate, you think a Virtue.

Emil. *Cinna*, those Virtues I approve, are such,
As from an abject and obsequious Wretch,
Distinguish well a *Roman* Citizen.

Cin. Souls truly *Roman*——

Emil. Any thing will dare,
To take the hated Life that makes 'em Slaves :
To *Roman* Souls, the loss of Liberty,
Of all Indignities, is deem'd the basest.

Cin. The highest Honour, and the greatest Power,
Next that which *Cæsar* has so greatly won,
Those whom you term his Slaves, alone possess ;
Since bowing to their Feet his Slaves behold,
Even mighty Sovereigns supplicate their Favour,
And with the Tribute He exacts from Kings,
He makes our Wealth and Pomp their secret Envy.
Thus, while the World, beside his Yoke, confess
His Love to *Rome*, has left the *Romans* free.

Emil. This low Ambition of commanding Kings,
Which servilely you hold from *Cæsar's* Will,
Rome's Citizens possess'd from *Cæsar's* Masters——
The Senate, whom we ought to Re-establish.

Mark Antony incurr'd our just Contempt,
When he to please a Woman wore a Crown,
And the great *Attalus*, grown white in Purple,
Did boast he was the Freedman of *Rome's* People.
Remember, thou art Born *Rome's* Citizen,
Sustain its Grandeur with a *Roman* Spirit.
Know, that among her Sons, there is not one,
Who was not Born to triumph over Kings,
And think a Master insupportable.

Cin.

Cin. The Gods who raise up Kings, revenge their Fall,
With their own Images become a Party,
Nor are we sure to shed his Blood alone:
When we to Sov'reigns give a mortal Wound,
We know not what a Deluge thence may flow,
Since Heav'n has plac'd *Augustus* on a Throne;
If he offend against the Laws of Heav'n,
We should from thence attend his Punishment.

Emil. When to the Gods you leave a Tyrant's Death,
You shew you are your self the Tyrant's Friend;
But I have done, go——flatter Tyranny,
Thy Soul abandon to thy slavish Genius,
And that thy wav'ring Mind may be at Ease,
Forget thy Birth, thy Glory, and *Emilia*,
Without thy Arm; to Aid my virtuous Rage,
I can revenge my Country and my Father.
The Glory of this famous Death ere now
I had acquir'd, had Love not held my Hand,
I in thy Favour have preserv'd my Life,
Had I alone the Tyrant sacrific'd,
I by his Guards had perish'd in the Fact:
Since Love for Thee alone has made me live,
I have endeavour'd, *Cinna*; but in vain,
To make thee worthy of *Emilia's* Heart.
Forgive me Gods, if I have been deceiv'd;
If I believ'd I favour'd *Pompey's* Kinsman;
If, by a feign'd Resemblance I'm betray'd,
To love a changeling Slave, instead of *Cinna*;
And yet I love thee, whatsoe'er thou art——
Which of the glorious Heroes *Rome* contains,
Would not perform what *Cinna* has refus'd;
To make my Heart and Person his Reward?
But fear not, I should deign to let another,
Even by that Deed, obtain my Heart or Person.
To serve thy Tyrant go——survive *Emilia*,
While killing him I die, my Heart still yours.
Now in his Blood and mine behold me bath'd,

I'll die, attended only by my Virtue;
 I go where *Cinna's* Baseness has condemn'd me,
 My Father's Murther I revenging fall,
 I fall revenging suff'ring, groaning *Rome*;
 But might have liv'd, had *Cinna* not been faithless,
 Had he desir'd to set his Country free,
 Had *Cinna* dar'd revenge our Parents Murther—
 And had he lov'd—he would have dar'd to save me.

[*Emilia offers to go.*

Cin. O stay! since 'tis your Will, I must obey it.

[*Emilia returns.*

Rome shall be freed, your Father be reveng'd,
 The Tyrant shall receive his fatal Due;
 But know he's less a Tyrant than *Emilia*,
 Tho' of our Lives and Fortunes he dispose,
 As yet, he has not Tyranniz'd o'er Souls;
 But this inhuman Empire of your Eyes
 Inslaves the Spirit, and compels the Will,
 You make me shed the Blood, which to preserve,
 A thousand times I should expose my own,
 So you command, I yield, my Faith's engag'd;
 But when this Hand my Promise has perform'd,
 Obedient to your Arbitrary Will,
 Then, then my Steel, yet warm from *Cæsar's* Heart,
 Turn'd on the Bosom of his vile Assassin,
 Shall to his Manes Sacrifice your Lover,
 And greatly blending with his Blood, my own,
 Retrieve my Honour, ere it scarce is lost—
 Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Fulv. You to Despair have driven his Soul.

Emil. Let him not Love me, or perform his Duty.

Fulv. To execute your Will he seeks the Death,
 Which you will mourn—

Emil. Haste *Fulvia*, overtake him,
 And, if thy Friendship deigns to help *Emilia*,
 Tear from his Heart this Purpose on himself—
 Tell him—

Fulv.

Fulv. What must I tell him?—speak—
That for his sake you let *Augustus* live?

Emil. That too unjustly would restrain my Vengeance,
Make me unworthy of my *Cinna's* Heart.

Fulv. What must I say?

Emil. That he perform his Vow,
Then let him take his Choice, of Death, or Me.
While Love for *Cinna*, and my Hate to *Cæsar*,
Tear my divided Heart with fierce Debate,
The Grandeur of my Soul supports my Hate.

The End of the Third Act.

F

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Augustus, Euphorbus, and Polycletus.

Aug. **M***aximus!* — *Cinna!* — 'tis impossible.

Euph. I scarce believe it, tho' I know it true,
So strange a Fury I with Pain conceive,
And, but to think it, makes me shake with Horror.

Aug. What, *Cinna*? *Maximus*? my Bosom Friends?
Whom my Esteem and Love made all Mens Envy,
To whom my Heart I open'd, and to whom
It was my Joy to give, and to confide,
The best Employments, and the greatest Trust,
And in their Hands my Empire to deposite,
What these? these two conspire against my Life?
The horror of the Guilt has *Maximus*
Alarm'd, and, with a just Repentance touch'd,
He gives me this Advice; but *Cinna* still —

Euph. *Cinna* in his Infernal Rage persists,
Forgetful of your Goodness, is invet'rate;
The faint Efforts of Virtue and Remorse,
Yet struggling in the Minds of his Associates,
Cinna opposes, Obstinate to kill you,
And labours to confirm their wav'ring Souls.

Aug. *Cinna!* — O Heav'n! — he! — he alone seduce!
He animate! he urge my Murtherers!
O foul unparallel'd Ingratitude!
O Perfidy! O Treason forg'd in Hell!
O sensible Resentment of a Stroke!
So barbarously meant, from one so cherish'd!
Cinna Betray me! *Cinna* Chief against me!
Cinna alone thus Obstinate to kill me!
But, *Polycletus* —

[*Whispers to Polycletus.*
Poly.

Poly. Sir, it shall be done.

[*Exit Polycletus.*

Aug. And let *Erastus Maximus* inform,
'Tis my Desire he should return to Court,
Receive his Pardon, and forget his Crime.

Euph. He, he alas! too sensibly was touch'd,
Conceiv'd his Fault too great to let him live.
Back to his Palace scarce was he return'd,
When, Sir, his Cheek turn'd pale, his Eyes star'd wild,
The Treason he abhor'd, and Life renounc'd,
To me each Circumstance with Care recounted,
In the same Order I have told it You.

Re-enter Polycletus.

Of this, said He, give *Cæsar* timely Notice,
Tell him, that conscious what his Crime deserv'd,
False *Maximus* did Justice on himself——
Then in the *Tyber* suddenly he plung'd;
But from my View, the darkness of the Night,
And Billows of the rapid Current, hid
The Tragick End of his Despair, and Guilt.

Aug. All Crimes against my self find easie Grace,
When by a true Repentance 'tis implor'd;
But since my Pardon *Maximus* renounc'd,
Haste and secure the rest; but first dispose
This faithful Witness in some proper Hands.

[*Points to Euphorbus.*

Augustus Solus.

Aug. Where now, ye Gods, must *Cæsar* seek for Quiet,
To whom the Secrets of his Soul confide,
In whom the Safety of his Life repose?——
Retake the Power that makes me *Jove* on Earth;
If making Subjects, I must lose my Friends;
If from the mighty Benefits I grant,
I but acquire the most Obdurate Hate,

How is a Monarch safe? if he whose Hand
 Holds absolute Command o'er every Life,
 In fear of his, must start at every Hand;
 But O! return *Octavius* to thy self!
 Cease to bemoan whom thou shouldst first condemn:
 Thou that hast spar'd so few, wouldst thou be spar'd?
 Canst thou remember all those Fields of Blood,
 Which thy Proscriptions, thy Ambition shed,
 That thou hast been the Executioner
 Of thy own People, and thy faithful Tutor?
 And dar'st thou of Injustice now accuse
 The Powers Divine, when for thy Punishment,
 Thy Subjects, Tyranniz'd, contrive thy Death,
 And violate those Laws thou wouldst not keep?
 Quit, quit thy Purple, as thou didst acquire it;
 Give up to Perfidy a Life perfidious,
 Since thou, ungratefully, hast sacrific'd
 Those whom thou shouldst have cherish'd, now submit
 To perish, even by those whom Thou hast cherish'd—
 In this distress of Mind my Judgment fails.
 Can Rage, can Malice, by accusing me
Cinna acquit? who made me hold my Power,
 And trait'rously oppos'd his Country's Good,
 For a Pretence to kill his Prince, and Friend.
 Just Gods, should I restrain my Vengeance now?
 Punish, *Augustus*, punish this Assassin,
 And let Proscriptions reach his fell Associates—
 O Heav'n! what, ever, ever shedding Blood!
 More Executions still, and more Proscriptions!
 I'm tir'd with Cruelty; yet must be cruel.
 I would be fear'd; but only can provoke.
 The Death of numberless Conspirators,
 Renders my Days more hateful, not more safe;
Cæsar, no more defend thee from the Spirit
 Of a new *Brutus*; die, let thy own Hand
 Deprive him of the Glory of thy Fall;
 In vain thou basely wouldst attempt to live.

Since

Since yet so many Hearts implacable
 Resolve thy Death, since all the noble Youth
 Of *Rome*, by turns, combine for thy Destruction,
 Die, since thou must, or half dispeople *Rome*.
 Life is a Trifle, and thy small Remain
 Deserves not to be held at such a Price.
 Yield up thy Life; but yield it up with Glory,
 Extinguish'd in the Traitor *Cinna's* Blood.
 And since *Rome* hates thee, Triumph o'er *Rome's* Hate,
 O *Romans*! O Revenge! O Pow'r supreme!
 O Doubt! how insupportable thy Pain!
 Just Gods, let *Cæsar* fall, or let him Reign—

Enter Livia.

O *Livia*, still, they still conspire against me;
 When I reflect by whom I was to fall,
 My Firmness sinks beneath my keen Resentment.
 Oh *Cinna*! treacherous, ungrateful *Cinna*.

Liv. *Euphorbus* has the whole reveal'd to Me,
 My Heart cou'd scarce sustain the bare Report:
 Will *Cæsar* hearken to a Woman's Council?

Aug. Alas! what Council can my Soul partake?

Liv. Severity has made a dreadful Noise;
 But has produc'd as yet no good Effect.
Salvedienus scarcely was suppress'd,
 When *Lepidus* appear'd in Arms against you;
 Next him *Murenus*, *Cepio* after him,
 These two by cruel Torments suffer'd Death;
 Nor was the Fury of *Ignatius* check'd,
 Whose horrid Treason *Cinna* imitates,
 And from this high Attempt, the Lees of *Rome*,
 Have push'd to rank their Names among the Nobles.
 You have, in vain, their Insolence chastis'd.
 Make an Essay of Clemency on *Cinna*,
 His Execution wou'd exasperate
 A People, that already is inrag'd;

But

But by his Pardon you'll advance your Fame :
Those Hearts, your Rigour cou'd not terrifie,
Such Godlike Lenity may touch with Love.

Aug. This Empire let me quit, and throughly gain 'em,
This Empire that alone has made me odious,
This Empire, that alone makes *Rome* conspire——
Madam, too much I have, by your Advice,
Consulted on this Point, and which, henceforth,
Forbear to mention, I consult no more.
Cease for thy Liberty to sigh, O *Rome* !
The Hand that has impos'd thy Chains, shall break 'em,
And give thee back thy State, which I have conquer'd,
Greater, and more at Peace, than when I seiz'd it ;
If thou wilt hate me, hate without Pretext,
If thou wilt love me, love me without Fear.
Master of all the Dignities, and Pow'r
Sylla possess'd, like him grown weary of 'em,
My sole Ambition is to lay 'em down.

Liv. You sooth your self too much with his Example,
Beware a different Effect on you.

Aug. After a Storm the Bark requires a Port,
For me there are but two, Repose, or Death.

Liv. Your Passion drives you, Sir, to this Extreme,
Which is not generous, but desperate.

Aug. To reign, and to caress a Traitor, shews
My Weakness, not my Virtue——

Liv. Sir, it shews
You rule your self, and by a noble Choice,
Practise a Virtue worthy of a Monarch.

Aug. You promis'd me the Council of a Woman,
And you have kept your Word in this Advice.
Tho' Crowds of Enemies have felt my Justice,
I twenty Years have govern'd stubborn *Rome*,
And well I am acquainted with those Virtues,
Are proper to maintain a Monarch's Pow'r.
By such Attempts my People are assail'd,

Crimes against Me are Crimes against the State,
And if to punish Treason I refuse,
I forfeit then the Property of Prince.

Liv. Cæsar, be less perswaded by your Passion.

Aug. Livia, be You more wise, or less ambitious.

Liv. Treat not with such Contempt my wholesome Council.

Aug. The Gods will here instruct me what to do;
Farewel, we lose but Time——

Liv. I must not leave you,
Till my Affection, in this Point, prevail.

Aug. You importune me from the love of Pow'r.

Liv. I love your Person, *Cæsar*, not your Fortune. [*Ex. Cæf.*
I'll strive to calm the Rage that rends his Soul,
And when his banish'd Reason is return'd,
Make him astonish'd he so late shou'd see,
That Mercy best confirms a Throne, by Mercy,
Which worthy Princes to their People show,
We *Jove's* Vicegerent from a Tyrant know. [*Exit.*

Enter Emilia and Fulvia.

Emil. Whence is this Calm, and whence thus out of Season,
Do I enjoy this perfect Ease of Soul?

Cæsar commands that *Cinna* shou'd attend,
And yet *Emilia's* Heart is not alarm'd,
Not swell'd with Sighs, nor are her Eyes in Tears,
As if a secret Impulse now inform'd me,
That all Things wou'd succeed to my Desire.
O *Fulvia*! have I rightly understood thee?

Fulv. I said, that I on *Cinna* had prevail'd,
To love his Life; and that, his ruffled Soul
Become more calm, he was with me returning,
To make a fresh Attempt upon your Hate;
But while I pleas'd my self with my Success,
Just in that very Instant *Polycletus*,
The harsh Expositor of *Cæsar's* Will,
Approach'd your Lover, and without a Guard,

By

By his Command conducted him to Court.
Cæsar is troubled; but the Cause is private:
 Each Person makes his different Surmise,
 And all presume the Consequence is great,
 And that he sends for *Cinna* to consult him;
 But, Madam, what I find perplex my Thoughts,
 Is that two Men, unknown, have seiz'd *Evander*,
 And that *Euphorbus* strictly is Confin'd;
 Nor can we learn, as yet, on what Occasion.
 They talk confus'dly too of *Maximus*,
 Of Night, of *Tyber*, and obscure the rest.

Emil. What Subject of Affright! and of Despair!
 And yet my heavy Heart disdains to murmur,
 There Heav'n a different Impression makes
 On every turn, from what it should receive.
Evander with an idle Fear, could make me tremble,
 And now, that I should tremble, I'm intrepid.
 Your Goodness, gracious Gods! I comprehend,
 And I adore, that will not let *Emilia*
 Receive Dishonour from her Sex's weakness,
 That not permitting her to sigh, nor weep,
 Sustains her Fame, against her great Misfortunes.
 It is your Will I perish with that Courage,
 Which makes me undertake this famous Blow;
 And I desire to die as You ordain,
 In the same State of Soul, where you retain me.
 O *Rome*! O *Manes* of a murther'd Father!
 In what I could my Part I have perform'd,
 Against the Tyrant leagu'd his nearest Friends;
 If my Attempt have fail'd of that Effect,
 For which my anxious Soul so long has rag'd,
 For which I could have dy'd, been torn on Racks,
 My Merit, nor my Glory is not less;
 And, if I can't Revenge you, yet my Death
 Shall manifest to *Rome* *Emilia's* Virtue.
 My Ghost, still furious with its noble Rage,
 At the first view, will make my Father see,

It is the Spirit he to me transmitted,
From the great Race whence He deriv'd his Birth.
'Tis *Maximus* ! and they Report him dead.

Enter Maximus.

Maxim. Madam, suppress your Wonder that I live;
Euphorbus on *Augustus* has impos'd:
Finding himself secur'd, and the Design
Reveal'd, to save my Life, he feign'd the Story
Of my Despair.

Emil. Is *Cinna* too in Hold ?

Maxim. He is.

Emil. (*Aside.*) O Heav'n ! ——— What says Report of *Cinna* ?

Maxim. They say, his greatest Grief is, that he finds
Augustus knows the Secret of your Love.

Emil. O *Cinna* ! faithful, tender, brave, and glorious. [*Weeps.*

Maxim. (*Aside.*) Thoughtless, infatuated *Maximus* !
The Means I us'd to find if Love, or Vengeance,
To *Cinna* had engag'd *Emilia*'s Faith,
Has but encreas'd her Flame, too great before.

Emil. *Evander* has (for *Fulvia* was born free)
Disclos'd my Hate, in hopes to save his Life.——
This Woman's Arm, resistless by that Hate,
If it were still conceal'd, in *Cæsar*'s Heart
Should fix a mortal Steel, to save my *Cinna*,
Revenge a Father's Blood, and set *Rome* free.

Maxim. (*Aside.*) Nor will the fear of Death urge Her to fly.
Already has *Augustus* given Command, [*To Emilia.*
That You forthwith should strictly be Confin'd.

Emil. His Officer is tardy in his Duty,
I grow impatient to receive his Orders.
Why this Delay ?

Maxim. He waits you at My Palace.

Emil. Your Palace ! Yours !

Maxim. I know you'll be surpriz'd ;
Yet learn the tender Care of Heav'n for you.
The Officer appointed to confine You,
Is one of the Conspirators ; but He
Resolves, with Us, to make a speedy Flight.

A Vessel at the River's Bank attends,
Prepar'd to spread her Sails when You Embark.

Emil. Sure *Maximus* thou know'st not who I am.

Maxim. All that I can, I do for him I love,
Striving to save from this extream Misfortune,
The beauteous half of *Cinna* that remains;
Let us by sudden Flight secure our Lives.
In hopes we may return, and then revenge
The Woes of *Rome*, your Father, and your Lover.

Emil. In this distress, know *Cinna's* not a Man
We should desert; but one we ought to follow,
One we should not revenge, least that Attempt
Require we should survive him——*Maximus*,
After his Loss, they who would save their Lives,
Merit the Death, they basely strive to shun.

Maxim. To this wild Rage what blind Despair transports you?
O Heav'n! what Weakness in a Soul so firm!
Can your great Spirit make so mean a Fight,
Be daunted at the first Reverse of Fortune:
Recall, recall this Virtue so sublime.
Op'ning your Eyes, at last know *Maximus*,
The Lover that You lose, You find in Me.
With equal Passion I adore *Emilia*.

Emil. Hold, you pretend too much; yet be at least
Worthy of Her whom You pretend to Love,
Cease meanly to avoid a glorious Death,
Or offer me a Heart you show so base,
Make me Invidious of your perfect Virtue,
And make me Pity, tho' I can not Love you;
Exert the Grandeur of a *Roman* Soul,
And since *Emilia's* Heart you can't acquire,
Deserve her Tears; if, as you would infer,
Your zealous Friendship is concern'd for *Cinna*,
Should it be shown in flattering his Mistress.
Learn, learn of Me the Duty of a Friend,
Be my Example, or let Me be yours.

Maxim. Your blind Affection over-bears your Reason.

Emil. Yours, in your own Advantage, is too subtle.

Your

Your Grief for *Cinna* made you talk of Vengeance,
And yet amidst that Grief you profer Love.

Maxim. My secret Flame, long forcibly conceal'd,
Discover'd, rages and becomes Extream.

Emil. Forbear, alas! forbear this vain Attempt.
My Loss amazes Me; but not confounds Me.
My Virtue still maintains it self entire,
Still undisturb'd presides o'er all I do,
And I can see more than you wish I should.

Maxim. Is *Maximus* of Treachery suspected?

Emil. *Maximus*, *Maximus*, I do suspect you;
Your Flight appears to Me too much concerted.
Fly *Maximus*, but fly without *Emilia*;
And know, once more, your Passion is in vain;
Yet fear not I should tell the World thy Baseness,
Nor do thou think, with Love or Perjuries
To dazle Me; but if I wrongfully
Distrust thee *Maximus*, to prove thy Truth,
Instead of flying with me, with me die.

Maxim. Live, beauteous Fair, and O! permit your Slave—

Emil. I'll hear no more, except in *Cæsar's* Presence:
There shalt thou see, if there thou dar'st appear,
For a just Vengeance, and the Cause of *Rome*,
How greatly I receive my fatal Doom,
How well I brave Despotick Power enrag'd,
And execute the Faith I have engag'd,
There *Maximus*, thou there shalt learn from Me,
That thou wert Born *Rome's* Citizen, and Free.
Cæsar shall find his Tyranny is vain,
While Free-born Souls a single Power disdain.
And when thou see'st me gasp my latest Breath,
Learn not to wait 'till *Cæsar* gives thee Death.

[*Shews a Dagger.* Exit.]

Maxim. Confounded, desp'rate, and if possible,
Thou *Maximus* art worthy such Refusal.
O *Maximus*! what? what is thy Resolve?
For thy vain Artifice, what Punishment
Prepares thy Virtue, Virtue thus offended?

Let no Illusion Cheat thee into Hopes,
Emilia, dying, goes to publish all,
 On the same Scaffold, will her loss of Life
 Display her Glory, and thy deathless Shame.
 Thou, in one Day, hast, by a Slave deluded,
 Betray'd thy Country, Mistress, and thy Friend.
Euphorbus! these, these are the sad Effects
 Of thy false, vile Advice; but yet I hope,
 In injur'd *Cinna's*, and *Emilia's* Presence,
 To fall a worthy Victim to their Wrongs,
 When flaming with Resentment, in thy Blood,
 I there have wash'd away the anxious Shame,
 That racks my Soul, for having listen'd to thee,
 To Thee, and to my more seducing Flame.
 O Love! thy absolute Command alone,
 A glorious Heart is not ashamed to own.
 The Free-born Soul all Human Pow'r disdains,
 That with despotick Dictates Man restrains;
 But Love holds all the World, and *Jove*, in Chains. }
 [Exit.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Augustus appears seated in his Closet, a Stool placed on one Side of his Chair.

Enter Cinna.

Aug. **C***inna*, sit down——be nearer yet——and now
With fix'd Attention mark my whole Discourse.
Presume not with one Word, nor Exclamation,
To interrupt my Speech; when I have done,
Thou shalt at leisure amply make Reply.

Cin. I shall obey.

Aug. And I'll perform my Promise——
Cinna, thou art alive; tho' they who gave
To Thee thy Being, well thou art inform'd,
Were Enemies to *Julius*, and to Me,
That, in their height of Wrath thou wer't conceiv'd,
Ev'n born, and educated in their Camps,
And when their Death had left thee in my Pow'r,
Their Hatred deeply rooted in thy Heart,
Made thee essay thy youthful Arms on Me,
Nor has thy Inclination e'er bely'd
The Blood, that prompted thee to side against me.
The sole Revenge I took, was to protect thee :
I made thee Captive ; but to make thee Great,
My Court thy Prison, and my Gifts thy Fetters,
Thy own Inheritance I first restor'd thee,
Then, with the Spoils of *Antony* enrich'd thee,
And to the Children of those Men prefer'd thee,
Who, in the tug, and danger of the War,
Among my Troops, then held the highest Rank,
To those who with their Blood bought me My Empire,
Preserv'd to Me the Life which now I breath :

In

In such a Manner I have liv'd with Thee,
 As of the vanquish'd made the Victors jealous.
 When, after so much Favour, Heav'n to shew
 Some sparks of Anger, took *Mecænas* from me,
 In that Distress, his Place I gave to Thee,
 And made thee, after Him, my Bosom Friend,
 Nay ev'n this Day, when my dejected Soul
 Press'd hard to be reliev'd of Sov'reign Pow'r,
 I only *Maximus* and Thee consulted,
 Unmov'd by His Advice, I follow'd thine;
 Nay more, this Day I gave to Thee *Emilia*,
 The worthy, gen'ral Object of *Rome's* Vows,
 Whom my Paternal Care so high has rais'd,
 That crowning thee a King, had giv'n thee less;
 All this thou dost remember, so much Fortune,
 And so much Glory *Cinna* can't so soon
 Forget; yet, *Cinna*, what is still more strange
 All this thou dost remember, yet wou'dst kill me.

Cin. Wou'd I kill *Cæsar*!—

Aug. Hold, you break your Promise;
 Sit down, this is not all I have to say;
 Thou, if thou canst, shalt justifie thy self,
 When I have done, in the mean Time observe,
 And now contain thy self. To-Morrow, *Cinna*,
 Thou at the Capitol must give me Death,
 Thy Hand, instead of Incense, must direct
 Thy fatal Ponyard deep into my Bosom,
 One half of thy Associates must possess
 The Door, while Me the other Part surrounds,
 Is this a true Account, or false Suspicion?
 But shall I name thy Fellow-Murtherers,
Virginianus, Glabrio, Marcellus,
Pomponius, Lenas, Plautus, Proculus,
 Icilius, Albinus—Maximus—
 Whom, *Cinna*, after Thee, I lov'd the most.
 The rest, not worthy to be nam'd, a heap
 Of impious Men o'erwhelm'd with Debts, and Crimes,

By

By the fair Methods of my Laws pursu'd,
 And who, despairing still to shun their Justice,
 Unless the State be ruin'd can't subsist.
Cinna, thou now art Silent, be so still
 More from Confusion, than from thy Obedience.
 What was thy End? and what cou'dst thou propose,
 When at thy Feet thy Hand had laid me dead?
 If thy last Sentiments I understood,
Rome's Safety on a Sov'raign must depend;
 If for her Liberty thou sought'st my Life,
 Why then didst thou oppose me, when my Heart,
 And *Maximus*, both press'd me to restore it?
 Why didst thou not her Freedom then receive?
 Why now desire by Treason to regain it?
 What was thy Aim? To govern in my Stead?
 A miserable Fate must *Rome* attend;
 If to resist thy mounting on the Throne,
 She cou'd no Obstacle oppose but Me;
 If after Me, thou prove the greatest Man,
 And this vast Burthen of her mighty Empire,
 Cannot then fall to better Hands than thine.
 Learn who thou art, descend into thy self,
 Men honour thee in *Rome*, they court and love thee;
 Yet they who envy now wou'd pity thee,
 If to thy little Merit I shou'd leave thee.
 Canst thou deny it? speak thy mighty Worth,
 Tell me thy Virtues, count thy great Exploits,
 And thy rare Qualities I ought to value,
 That justify my lavish Bounty to thee,
 Count all that raises thee above the Vulgar,
 My Favour is thy Glory, thence thy Pow'r,
 That only rais'd thee, and alone sustains thee,
 'Tis that alone in Thee the World adores,
 Thou, *Cinna*, hast no Rank, no Credit Thou;
 Except, what my indulgent Favour gives thee,
 And for thy Fall, I only need this Day
 Restrain my Smiles, which are thy sole Support;

Yet

Yet I had rather to thy Envy yield.
 Reign, if thou canst, tho' at my cost of Life;
 But dar'st thou think the *Salvedieni*, *Cossi*,
 The *Fabii*, the *Paulini*, the *Metelli*,
 Beside so many more, whose lofty Courage
 Denotes 'em for the living Images,
 Of the great Heroes of their glorious Lines,
 Will quit the noble Pride, such gen'rous Blood
 Inspires, to condescend that thou shou'dst reign—
 Speak, it is time.

Cin. Struck, and amaz'd I stand,
 Not that your Anger, or that Death affrights me;
 But that a *Roman* cou'd this Cause betray.
 I, *Cæsar*, am a *Roman*, *Pompey's* Kinsman;
 The Murther of the Father, and two Sons,
 Your Father's Death has not enough reveng'd;
 Hence is the secret Cause, hence is the sole
 Illustrious Motive of a great Design,
 And tho' my Crime expose me to your Rigour,
 Expect not, Sir, from Me a mean Repentance,
 Useless Regrets, nor Tears, nor shameful Sighs.
 Chance has to You been kind, to Me averse.
 I know what I have done, what you must do,
Cæsar, I know my Death confirms your Safety.

Aug. You brave me, Sir, and are Magnanimous,
 Far from excusing, triumph in your Crime.
 Take heed your Constancy be thorough Proof.
 Thou know'st what Thou hast done, what I must do—
 Thou know'st thy Death confirms my Life—thou hast
 Thy self pronounc'd thy Sentence—chuse thy Death.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Livia, Emilia and Fulvia.

Liv. All the Confed'rates *Cæsar* knows not yet,
Emilia, Sir, is one, and see she's here.

Cin. *Emilia*! O!—

Aug. O Heav'n! what? Thou my Child!

Emil. What *Cinna* did, was to possess *Emilia*.

Aug. Can Love, to which this Day I gave its Birth,
So soon have Pow'r to make you perish for him?
You to these Transports yield too much your Soul,
Too early love the Lover I bestow.

Emil. Our Flame, which to your Vengeance has expos'd me,
Was not the prompt Effect of your Commands.
Four Years have we conceal'd our tender Passion,
Which kindled in our Hearts without your Order.
Tho' Him I lov'd, and tho' he sigh'd for Me,
A Hatred yet more strong still rul'd us both.
My Heart to *Cinna* wou'd no Hopes allow,
Till for my Father's Death he vou'd Revenge.
I made him swear it, and he did attempt it;
But the desir'd Success the Gods prevented,
And I am come to offer you a Victim.
Not with intent to save a Lover's Life,
By charging on my self the Crime we boast.
In vain is all Excuse in Crimes of State.
To die before his Eyes, and joyn my Father,
Is all that brings me here, and all I hope.

Aug. How long! O Heav'n, and why wilt thou draw forth,
From my own Family, thy Darts against me?
Thence *Julia*, for her Liberties I banish'd,
And in her Place, my Kindness chose *Emilia*,

H

Of

Of which, I find, like her, she's most unworthy.
One stain'd my Honour, t'other seeks my Blood.

Emilia, O my Child! is this the Price?

This the Return of my Paternal Love?

Emil. So was my Father's Love for you return'd.

Aug. Think with what Care I rear'd thy tender Youth.

Emil. With the same tenderness He cherish'd thine.

He was your Tutor, and you his Assassin.

Cæsar, from you I learn'd the way to Guilt,

This difference there is 'twixt yours and mine,

You to Ambition sacrific'd my Father,

And a just Fury of Revenge in Me,

Would for his guiltless Blood, your Blood have shed.

Liv. Emilia, hold, it is too much; consider,

Cæsar has well repay'd thy Father's Care;

His Death, with which thy Memory inflames

Thy Fury, was the Error of *Augustus*,

Not of *Octavius*; and the Crimes of State,

Which, for the Crown, we sometimes must commit,

The Gods forgive, when they the Crown bestow.

Whatever *Cæsar* did, or ever shall,

Inviolable ever is his Person.

Our Fortunes, and our Days we owe to him,

But o'er a Sov'reign who pretends a Right?

Emil. From what I urg'd you might perceive I meant,

Not to excuse; but aggravate my Crime.

Punish then, *Cæsar*, these my guilty Charms,

Which make your glorious Fav'rites your Assassins,

Take, take my Life, to make your own secure;

If to this Treason I have tempted *Cinna*,

Like him, I many others may seduce,

And you in greater Danger will remain,

When with a double Hatred I inrag'd,

A Father, and a Lover wou'd revenge.

Cin. Cæsar, 'tis Time I shou'd unfold the Truth.

Ere yet I lov'd her, this Design I form'd;

To my pure Vows inflexible she prov'd,

I fought by other Cares her Heart to soften,
Talk'd to her of her Father, and your Rigour,
Offer'd my Hand, as I had done my Heart;
How sweet is Vengeance to a Woman's Mind!
With that I press'd, with that I took her Soul,
My little Share of Merit She despis'd;
But cou'd not flight the Heart that wou'd revenge her.
I am the Chief, she only the Accomplice.

Emil. When I must die, to rob me of my Glory,
Cinna, is that thy latest Proof of Love?

Cin. Contented I cou'd die, depriv'd of all
The Glory gain'd, by an Attempt so great;
If that wou'd make thee deign to live; wou'd *Cæsar*,
(Sparing the guilty Daughter's Blood) repay
That Life, he from the guiltless Father took.

Emil. Know, *Cinna*, *Cæsar* cannot save my Life,
Unless he first submit to give thee thine;
Leave me my share of Fame, and take your own,
Mine wou'd be less, shou'd I diminish yours.
Pleasure and Torment, Glory and Disgrace,
True Lovers bear alike, alike enjoy.
We, *Cæsar*, have two *Roman* Souls, and We
Uniting our Desires, then joyn'd our Hate,
The quick Resentment of our murther'd Parents,
At the same Instant taught us both our Duty,
In this great Enterprize our Hearts have met,
And which our gen'rous Souls together form'd,
And we together seek a glorious Death;
Part not in Death, those whom in Life you join'd.

Aug. I will unite you, false, ungrateful Pair,
Of all my Foes the most implacable.
Yes, I will joyn you, since you so desire,
'Tis fit the World of my Resentment know
The horrid Cause, and that at once it stand
Astonisht with the Crime, and Punishment.

Enter Maximus.

But see, Heav'n smiles on *Cæsar*, and has sent
A Friend new wrested from the furious Waves.
Approach my only prov'd and faithful Friend.

Maxim. Towards Me your Thoughts too kindly are dispos'd.

Aug. After Remorse, like thine, O *Maximus*!
Mention no more thy Crime, since from such Peril,
Thy Gratitude, thy Virtue has preserv'd me,
I owe to Thee my Empire, and my Life.

Maxim. Know better the worst Enemy you have.
Cæsar, that still you reign, that still you live,
My jealous Rage has been the secret Cause.
A mean Repentance checkt not *Maximus*,
I still desir'd to set my Country free,
And have alone, to make my Rival perish,
Our just, our gen'rous Enterprise reveal'd.
I wanted Time, by specious Hopes of Vengeance,
Or from the Fear of Death, to make *Emilia*
Consent to fly with Me——she was so dauntless,
So far from catching my gross Allurement,
That then, her Courage, Sense, and Virtue try'd,
Their Force redoubled—*Cæsar* knows the rest.
I by a Freedman's Council have betray'd
My Glory, *Rome*, my Mistress, and my Friend.
Had I not hop'd to punish here *Euphorbus*,
And fall before this injur'd Pair a Victim,
To expiate these Execrable Crimes,
I would have scorn'd to live, to tell my Story.

Aug. O Heav'n! is this enough, or to my Ruin
Have I one Friend Fate has not yet seduc'd?
Let Fate Confed'rate with its own Efforts
The Power of Hell; yet *Cæsar* o'er himself,
And of the Universe remains Supream.
I am, and will. O Ages! O Remembrance!
This my last Victory record for ever,

This

This Day I triumph o'er a Wrath more just,
Than ever yet a Mortal Temper prov'd.

Cinna be now my Friend; 'tis my Request.

Once, as an Enemy, thy Life I gave thee,
Spight of the Rage of thy malicious Fate,
I give it thee again, as my Assassin.

From henceforth, *Cinna*, let our only Strife
Be, who can best bestow, who best receive.

You to my Benefits have prov'd ungrateful;
Now, in return, I will redouble them,

And having loaded thee, with them o'erwhelm thee:

Once more, this Beauty from my Hand receive,

And with Her take the Consulship of *Rome*.

Love him, my Child, and this Illustrious Rank,

To him I give, to *Cæsar's* Blood prefer,

Learn thou of Me thy Passion to subdue;

But most of all, *Emilia*, know that I,

More than a Father, give thee in a Husband.

Emil. This elevated Goodness has o'ercome me,
Its Lustre dissipates the Fumes of Rage,

And shews the Crime which took the Shape of Justice;

I feel a due Repentance pierce my Soul,

And my whole Heart joyns in the keen Remorse,

Which yet the fear of Death could not effect,

Heav'n your superiour Grandeur has resolv'd,

The Rage, I thought Immortal, is expir'd.

The Heart that could not brook Imperial Pow'r,

Intirely is become your Faithful Subject,

And looking back with Horror on its Hate,

Beats with Desire to serve its Emperor.

Cin. What shall I say to *Cæsar*, when such Treason,
Instead of Punishment, receives Reward?

O Virtue without Parallel! O Mercy!

That makes my Crime more vile, your Power more glorious.

Aug. Cease to retard a generous Oblivion,
And both, as I do, *Maximus* forgive.

[To *Cinna* and *Emilia*.

All Three he has betray'd; yet by his Treason,

You

You now are Innocent, and now my Friends.
Retake with Me, my Friend, thy former Place,

[To Maximus.

Thy former Credit, and thy former Fame.
From You *Euphorbus* must his Grace obtain,
In which, let *Cinna* and *Emilia* joyn.
Hymen, to Morrow's Eve, shall crown their Love;
If still you Love, be that your Punishment.

[To Maximus.

Maxim. At *Cinna's* Happiness I murmur not,
To which, his Title is more just than mine,
I stand abash'd at your exalted Goodness;
But not repining at the Blessing, *Cæsar*,
Of which your God-like Justice has depriv'd me.

Cin. Permit, my Virtue, to my Heart recall'd,
May Consecrate to you a Faith, that once
To my Confusion was, so vilely, broken;
But now become so firm, so far from wav'ring,
That not the Rack nor Death could make it shake.
May the great Mover of propitious Fates,
To lengthen *Cæsar's* Days, retrench the Years
Of all Mankind; and grant, just Heav'n! that I,
By some peculiar envy'd Chance, that Life
From *Cæsar* I receiv'd, may lose for *Cæsar*.

Liv. *Cæsar*, this is not all; a Flame Celestial,
With its Prophetick Ray, informs my Soul.
Hear what to You the Gods by Me declare.
Rome now without a Murmur will obey,
No barb'rous Purpose, nor ungrateful Envy,
Will more oppose the Course of such a Life,
No more Conspirators, no more Assassins,
You have acquir'd the Pow'r to reign o'er Hearts,
Rome, with a Joy, she scarcely can support,
To you resigns the Empire of the World,
Your Kingly Virtues soon will let her know,
Her Happiness demands, that you should Reign.
From a long Error perfectly deliver'd,

She

She now, no Rule conceives, but of a King.
 Posterity shall *Cæsar's* Name present,
 As an Example to the greatest Prince,
 The Gods shall ever chuse to Rule the World.

Aug. Your Augury, my *Livia*, I believe,
 And dare to hope, that I shall prove it true.
 Let double Wreaths, and Victims, on the Morn,
 The Temples fill, and Capitol adorn.
 Our Priests will now more Happy Omens find,
 Since, to my Vows, my Peoples Hearts are joyn'd;
 And to the bold Conspirators declare,
 His Subjects Lives are *Cæsar's* nearest Care,
 That, having all subdu'd, he crown'd his Fame,
 When, in their Favour, he himself o'ercame,
 And doom'd the Guilty, only to their Shame.

} [*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Porter.

I Laugh to think now, How those Wags are bit,
Who gape agog, for wanton Turns of Wit.
Our Maiden Muse abhors a double Jest,
That puts the blooming Virgin to the Test,
She makes no Sport for those ill-manner'd Spies,
That watch to see the conscious Blushes rise,
And soon as they perceive the modest Flame,
Against her Will, adorn the Virtuous Dame,
Pursue her bashful Eyes with brutal Stare,
And with a guiltless Shame o'erspread the tortur'd Fair.
Their Savage Hearts ne'er feel the soft Desires,
Of Love refin'd, which the chaste Nymph inspires.
But to the Point-----I cou'd not in one Place
Of the whole Play bewail Emilia's Case;
For who cou'd bear, that she whom Rome did boast,
Was of her Conquer'd World, the reigning Toast,
Shou'd, for a Parent slain full twenty Years,
Resign her Soul to Grief, her Eyes to Tears,
To gratifie her Vengeance, and her Hate,
Expose her Lover to her Father's Fate,
Her Charms to form such dreadful Plots imploy,
And in her Prime refrain chaste Hymen's Joy.
Among the Men of Pleasure sure there's none,
Who did not Cinna's wretched Fate bemoan;

For

EPILOGUE.

*For he poor Man, if his Attempt miscarry'd,
Was to be hang'd; if it succeeded----marry'd.
The Fate of Maximus, 'tis true, might move
The Heart that knows the Pangs of jealous Love,
When, plotting Cinna's Death, he strove, in vain
To soften bright Emilia's fierce Disdain.*

*Besides, tho' Cæsar granted him his Life,
He lost a Mistress;---but he scap'd a Wife.*

*Livia well knew her Husband's Cause was evil,
And told him that a Tyrant, like the Devil,
To make Mankind his Vassals, must be civil.*

*'Tis a strange Tragedy I must confess,
In which, we pity No Body's Distress.*

*Strict Virtue all these Characters will blame;
Yet have they crown'd Corneille's immortal Fame;
For tho' irregular, much Praise they merit,
So well they seem to shew Rome's ancient Spirit;*

*If, raising here old Romans from the dead,
He makes 'em now repeat what once they said,
While He their lofty Sentiments pursues,
Refin'd attentive Hearers will excuse,*

*The long Harangues of his transported Muse,
And when they seem most criminal, reflect,
Strong Passions are the haughty Souls defect.*

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